Breathe Me

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/36334051.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Polar (2019)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham/Duncan Vizla | Black Kaiser, Hannibal Lecter/Duncan Vizla | Black Kaiser
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Duncan Vizla | Black Kaiser, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Additional Warnings Apply, Suicidal Thoughts, Depression, Anxiety Attacks, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha Hannibal Lecter, Alpha Duncan vizla, Omega Will Graham, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Sibling Incest, Protective Duncan, Established Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham is a Mess, Duncan is a teacher, Fluff and Smut, Daddy Kink, Jealous Hannibal Lecter
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Better late than never
Stats:	Published: 2022-01-10 Words: 17,149 Chapters: 7/7

Breathe Me

by TheStray20

Summary

Will has spiraled into his depression quickly, leaving Hannibal at a loss as to what else he can do as his Alpha. He calls in his big brother Duncan for support.

Notes

Hey there,
Please heed trigger warnings as tagged!

If you're here for the fluff and smut proceed directly to chapter 5.
Do not pass go do not collect feels.

Pandemic 2020/2021 living in lockdown the whole time alone and single required escapism.
So here it is.

Title Sia - Breathe Me

Chapter 1

Will had been fine until he wasn’t. That was usually the way it went for him, starting with the occasional bout of frustration at work or being stuck at home coming into a heat. The thoughts crept in gradually, convincing him he was worthless, that he'd never be good enough, that he didn’t deserve Hannibal or anything good in his life. Mostly he didn’t buy into the thought pattern, knowing it was just a hard time, not a bad life.

Thankfully he'd been flat out with work and spending plenty of time with Hannibal, keeping the thoughts fleeting and easy enough to ignore. Until a few months of peace and winter setting off seasonal depression, as well as Hannibal being booked out with patients dragged his mood and energy down lower than it had been in years.

He slept longer, resting whenever he could.

He skipped meals, not feeling hungry with his body not doing much physically.

He avoided in depth conversations with Hannibal especially, leaving him feeling even worse and neglecting his partner further. The Alpha was patient with him for the most part, expressing his own frustration calmly when he couldn’t get Will to eat for the fourth day in a row.

"Will I cant help if you wont talk to me, I don’t understand where this has all come from."

"Hannibal I don’t want to be here." Will snuffed a laugh, pulling from his hands and wrapping his own around himself.

"Would you give me chance to change your mind?"

Will could have sworn he heard a hitch in the doctors breath, something like desperation and pleading, not for his own life but for Wills.

"I just want to be left alone, please."

Hannibal nodded and left his nest, rubbing at his face as he pulled out his phone. He was out of ideas. He'd tried tough love, being gentle, coddling, ordering, threatening; nothing worked. He sighed and called his brother, the only one he felt he could turn to for advice. "Duncan, I need your help, can you come now?"

Three hours later saw Duncan on the doorstep, being welcomed into the familiar home and embraced firmly by the younger Alpha.

"Thankyou for coming so quickly, I'm at a bit of a loss and I-"

"Hush baby brother, it's ok." Duncan smiled into his shoulder returning the hug and scruffing up his styled hair when they parted. "Always so pristine, your outer shell is still bulletproof I see."

"To those whom it needs to be." Hannibal offered him a grin, picking up his bag and leading him to the kitchen where Will was picking at his lunch. Looking up in alarm at the scent of a different Alpha entering their house he tensed up, rising quickly from the table and reversing his hold on the steak knife, weaponising it.

Seeing the panic response from his brothers Omega, Duncan stayed in the doorway allowing Hannibal to enter and pour him a glass of wine while he gave Will a brief introduction.

"Will this is Duncan, he's here to try and help us."

"You uh. . . brought a doppelganger home?" Will cast the doctor an uncertain look when he didn’t provide further explanation. "To help with what?"

"Hi Will, I'm Duncan, Hannibal's older brother." The older Alpha moved forward, offering his hand and meeting his eyes gently. "I've helped a few Omegas when they're not feeling great."

"Hi, it's good to finally meet you." Will offered a shy smile, feeling himself relax in the older man's presence and putting the knife down. He took the offered hand and shook it, resisting the urge to move into his arms at the wave of calm his touch and scent brought him. He tensed with his mind battling between his instincts and dedication to his mate.

Seeing his discomfort Duncan made the decision for him, pulling him to his chest and wrapping him in his arms. Despite his brothers aggressive vocalization, the older Alpha huffed a protective growl when the Omega melted into his hold with a quiet sob, meeting his brother glare for glare.

"It's not about you. Where's his nest?"

"Upstairs." Hannibal led the way.

They got Will comfortable and sat with him until he was asleep, moving to the kitchen to have a quick catch up.

"I apologize for my reaction before, I haven't seen Will react to another Alpha that way."

"It's likely because we smell similar."

"If you say so." Hannibal snuffed a laugh, putting together some bruchetta slices and sliding them into the oven.

"Pheromones little brother." Duncan chuckled, relaxing against the bench and rubbing his arm affectionately.

It had been years since they'd seen one another, it was usual for sibling Alpha's to reestablish their bond physically after so much time apart.

Wondering if they'd be as intimate as they had been before his relationship with Will, Hannibal stroked his jaw gently, stepping forward and kissing him warmly. "I missed you."

"Missed you too." Duncan returned the kiss, giving him a small smile when he pulled back. Cutting him off when he went to say something, the older Alpha assured him, "We don’t have to pick up where we left off. You were very lonely the last time we were together, I don’t expect you to want the same things."

"You know me too well."

"I'm your older brother, that's my job." Duncan nuzzled his cheek.

"These should be done."

"Would you like me to take some to Will?"

"After we've eaten, let him rest some more." Hannibal served, sitting by his side at the table. "Tell me about Canada."

Duncan filled his brother in quickly about what he'd been up to in the last couple of years, leaving the details out on a few of his kills for them to discuss later. He allowed Hannibal to lead the way back up to Wills nest, taking a seat on the floor by the low bed and resting against the wall. Silently observing the pair interact the older Alpha noticed how clinical his brother was in his care giving; his soothing touches and placing textbook, his tone perfect for comfort, and his pheromone levels just right.

He smiled to himself, watching him keep his concern and passion for the young Omega in check and in control, even when Will flat out refused to eat. Asking if Hannibal would mind him trying to get Will to eat, Duncan took the plate and circled to the other side. Setting the plate on the bedside table he spoke gently, "Hi sweetheart, ok if I join you?"

"Hi. Ok." Will nodded, turning to face him and sitting up on his elbow to watch the older Alpha sit with his back against the wall on the mattress.

Duncan was about to talk again when Hannibals phone went off, making Will jump and tense up.

"I'm sorry I have to take this." Hannibal pressed a kiss to the Omegas head and left the room to take the call.

"Probably one of his patients." Will mumbled, taking a deep breath and nestling back into the pillows surrounding him. "He always uses that voice when it's work."

"You're very observant."

"Part of my charm." Will huffed, curling up around himself.

"I've heard." Duncan chuckled, pausing a moment before checking, "Can I try something before I ask you to eat?"

"I guess." The Omega eyed him curiously, wondering what he had in mind.

"Let me know if you change your mind." Duncan moved slowly, reaching out and stroking his jawline before shifting closer. He wrapped his hand around the side of Wills neck, stroking along the muscles firmly, keeping his eyes soft and making sure the younger man wasn't becoming uncomfortable. He opened a line of questioning outright, knowing beating around the bush wouldn't get him anywhere. "How often do you get this depressed?"

"Haven't for a while, since before Hannibal I guess."

"How often do you think of killing yourself?"

"Often enough to warrant concern apparently." Will sighed, grumbling when the Alpha withdrew his hand. "Pretty upfront for our first conversation, is that why you're here? To convince me life is beautiful and start being happy?"

"I'm not my brother, I know bits of life can be more ugly and painful for some."

"You and Hannibal didn't drink the same coolaid growing up?" Will chuckled, shifting from the pillows and resting his head on Duncans thigh facing him, stretching his arms in front of himself along the Alpha's leg.

"We had very different upbringings. That only brought us closer though." Duncan replaced his hold on his neck, massaging the muscles at the base of his skull, using his free hand to explore his arms. Finding the quiet content groan pleasing, the Alpha offered a low sigh, moving his touch to his side and exploring the muscles from his shoulder blade to his hip. "I assume my little brother has filled you in on our relationship and who I am?"

"You're the Black Kaiser, and yes I'm aware of how intimate you are. He didn't say you looked so much alike." Will hummed, wincing when the Alpha pressed over a painful muscle knot. "Why did he call you to help me?"

"I started training to be an assassin at a very young age. My line of thinking was if I didn't kill myself I may as well take undeserving lives and be punished or killed for it." Duncans stroking turned into a firm grope at the muscles surrounding the Omega's hip when Will whimpered at the muscle knot being probed again. "I didn't think I'd make it to 30. Living with the idea of killing myself before I was 30 was a lot to carry around and it took its toll."

"Why are you telling me this?" Will played with the side of the Alpha's jumper, taking a few deep breaths to control his pain response.

"Because I don't think you've had an honest conversation with anyone about this in a long time." Duncan told him gently, running a hand through his hair and holding his gaze. "I know it's hard to talk to someone new about, but I've been there, and I'm here to try to help if you let me."

Will searched his eyes, finding only care and concern that surpassed even Hannibals. "You think like this too?"

"Now and then." Duncan confided in him, playing with the curls at the base of his neck.

"Does Hannibal know?"

"No. Hannibal has a very different take on life, he doesn’t understand he's the extreme opposite of how we think."

"So why did he call you if he doesn’t know you've been like me?" Will frowned, sitting up and curling against the Alpha's side, resting his chest against his side and nosing into the front of his jumper when Duncan wrapped his arm around his waist and pulled him closer.

"He only knows I don’t think the way he does, as dark as my brother can be he still sees beauty in his destruction of life."

"Mhm." Will hummed in agreement, relaxing into the Alpha and hanging on to his side.

"Would you please eat? It would make Hannibal rest easier, just a little?"

"I'm really not hungry." Will grumbled, closing his eyes and tensing in objection.

"Please Will?" Duncan hummed, lowering his voice and starting to stroke his side again, drifting his hand up to his neck and rubbing it firmly. "I need you to eat so I can help you."

Will growled and relented, "Fine. What's on the menu?"

Duncan chuckled and grabbed the plate, making sure the Omega was sitting up and comfortable before he let him take a slice and nibble at it. After a little prodding and much goading, Will finished the three portions and cuddled up to the Alpha, purring as he fell asleep under his arm.

Chapter 2

Hearing his brother returning a half hour later, Duncan stopped stroking his side and rested his hand on Wills hip.

"Hi."

"Hi, sorry that was one of my more needy patients. . ."

Duncan grunted and watched his brother take in the empty plate along with the soundly sleeping Omega wedged against him.

"You managed to convince him to eat all of it?" Hannibal couldn't hide his relief, leaning against the doorframe.

"With a lot of convincing and provoking, he's very strong willed."

"Thankyou. . . he hasn't eaten anything substantial in over a week. . ." Hannibal rubbed at his eyes. "Can I get you anything? I'm about to start prepping for dinner."

"I'll join you. Give me a hand?" Duncan eased out of Wills hold, Hannibal replacing his body with a pillow for the Omega to hang on to for comfort in his sleep.

Once downstairs and Hannibal was done sorting through the vegetables available the older Alpha pulled him into his arms and held him tightly. He felt his brother relax into his hold and kiss his neck, moving his attentions upwards and along his jawline to his lips. Duncan drew back from their embrace to claim his lips slowly, cupping his jaw and hanging on to the tailored suit jacket the younger Alpha preferred.

Hannibal groaned quietly into the kiss, moving his hands to his older brothers shoulder and neck as he was pressed against the fridge.

"Fuck, Hannibal. . ."

"I missed you too Duncan." Hannibal panted, kisses turning into pecks and nips at his lips when the older Alpha composed himself and withdrew. "I feel our attention should remain on Will until he's recovered, then maybe we could discuss what the future looks like for us. . ."

"If that's what you want baby brother." Duncan sighed tiredly, catching his breath and returning to the bench to peel the vegetables. "He will be ok."

"Thankyou for coming to help me, it's been difficult to figure out what's happening with him. . . He's shut down and doesn't tell me much other than he doesn't want to be here."

"Perhaps he's afraid of your disapproval and rejection, people with his level of empathy fighting depression often switch off to their partners and loved ones as a defense. He feels he's protecting you."

"You've had Omega's like Will in your life before?"

"A few. I seem to be relatable enough they feel comfortable opening up to me."

"How did you get him to eat?"

"Used a few pressure points and showed him I care about him. He's an extension of you, I care deeply for you so associating those feelings to Will was easy."

"I was using pressure points and pheromones and didn't get anywhere for the last week. . ." Hannibal stopped chopping, glancing up at his brother and allowing him to see his insecurity. "I'm the therapist, what am I doing wrong?

"You're very clinical Hannibal. You're so used to having to rein yourself in for the rest of the world, you've forgotten Omega's need to feel unique, like your world starts and ends with them."

"Everything begins and ends with him for me, he knows that."

"When was the last time you showed him?"

Hannibal refocused on the chopping board, getting lost in his thoughts.

"You ok?" Duncan asked after a few minutes of silence.

"Other than feeling wildly inadequate as an Alpha I'm fine."

"I've cared for Omegas in the past, it's simply experience." Duncan assured him, passing him another peeled potato.

"I've cared for many Omegas through my practice, I don't understand why he's responded so quickly to you."

"Hannibal have you ever seriously considered killing yourself?" Duncan asked him quietly, washing his hands and moving to the wine rack to examine the selection. "Red or white?"

"Red." Hannibal watched him move, quickly refocusing on seasoning the vegetables in the tray and sliding it into the oven when he rose after making his choice. "I've had the fleeting thought but dismissed it quickly, life is beautiful and should be enjoyed-"

"Save the speech little brother I know. Imagine the opposite in the extreme. Spending long periods of time with it being a serious consideration, thinking of how you'd do it, what note and will you'd leave for those you love."

Hannibal took a moment to assess what his brother was trying to explain to him, frowning and finally searching his face. "Is that the state you believe Will to be in?"

"I'm sure it's come and gone throughout his life and he's done his best to leave that mindset behind to excel in his job and relationship with you. But thirty plus years is a long time to be walking around with those thoughts in your head." Duncan found the wine glasses and

poured quickly, taking a seat and sipping at his as the younger Alpha oiled and seasoned the meat. "It eats away at you, makes you feel like nothing you usually enjoy is worth doing, reaching out is pointless because you'll just feel the same in a few months time so what's the point in trying to explain to anyone what's going on? What's the point in trying to let people in when the problem is inside?"

"I'm a trained psychiatrist he trusts, why wouldn't he feel he could speak to me about how he's feeling?" Hannibal frowned again, sitting down and accepting the glass of wine his brother offered him.

"He loves you." Duncan gave him a tired smile. "He also knows you haven't been consumed by depression and suicidal thoughts for extended periods of time. It's not something people like Will advertise or press on others."

"I knew something was off, he's been reclusive for weeks." Hannibal rubbed at his eyes. "I still don't understand why he cant talk to me about it. . ."

"As qualified and skilled a therapist I'm sure you are, that's likely part of the reason he didn't feel he should."

"I wouldn't attempt to pick him apart over his depression returning in full force. . . am I that difficult to discuss this with?"

"I wouldn't have spoken to you about this willingly if it were my own life."

Hannibal blinked at him, trying to maintain a controlled demeanor.

"And that's exactly why." Duncan sipped his wine, offering another small smile when his brother tilted his head in a confused manner. He took mercy and explained, "You're always in complete control of your outward responses to the thoughts running through your head. Will isn't. His level of empathy, his personality type, his conditioning. . . it gets real messy real fast and there are times it overcomes him. It's exhausting."

"Is this what Will's told you, or are you speaking from experience?"

"A bit of both."

"You've thought of ending your life?" Hannibal met his stare.

"I have. For a long time, on and off."

"Since when?"

"Since we were kids. That's why I made such a proficient killer, I didn't care if anything happened to me."

"Could I have done something?"

"There's the difference Hannibal." Duncan smirked, leaning back in his chair and rubbing at his neck. "The only indication you just gave me that makes me think you care is asking if you

could have changed things for me. You gave nothing in your expression, voice, physically and chemically you didn’t budge."

"My control is my problem?" Hannibal frowned, considering and dropping his walls, allowing his brother to see that the information upset him. "Duncan if I'd known you were so unhappy I would have insisted you stay with me. . ."

"There it is." The older Alpha leaned across and stroked his arm, nodding when Hannibal rubbed his hand firmly. "Will needs that from you."

"Why didn’t you say anything?"

"It's not something I want to put onto my interactions with people I love." Duncan squeezed his arm and pulled away, smelling Will coming down the stairs. He tilted his head to the doorway seconds before the Omega appeared, taking a sip from his glass and turning his head as he entered. "Hi Will."

"Hello Will." Hannibal greeted him warmly, looking him over and regretting not calling his older brother sooner.

Will nodded mutely, not meeting either of their eyes, hovering at the doorway and hugging his arms around himself.

"Will you don’t need to self soothe I'm right here." Hannibal told him quietly, rising and going to move to his side. When Will baulked at his approach he stopped himself, frowning and moving instead to get his Omega a glass of wine, setting it on the table and retaking his seat.

"Clinical." Duncan reminded his brother. "Will would you like to join us?"

Will came over and took a quick sip before setting the glass down and wringing at his wrists, looking between the brothers anxiously and trying to control his breathing.

"Will? What's wrong?" Hannibal asked, placing his hand on his arm and rubbing it gently.

Duncan saw the Omega battling with himself internally. Smelling the panic attack rising before Will's body allowed it, he pushed his seat back from the table and held out his hand, offering it as an unassuming anchor if the younger man needed the support.

Will grabbed his wrist and moved towards him, settling sideways on the older Alpha's lap. Losing control of his breathing he let his tears fall, crying quietly into Duncan's chest, clutching his hands into the front of his shirt as Duncan wrapped his arms around him.

Hannibal clenched his jaw and cleared his throat, taking a deep drink from his glass before glaring at his brother over the top of Wills head.

"Easy, baby brother." Duncan spoke firmly, stilling the younger Alpha before he did something rash. He held Will securely as his sobs continued, seeing Hannibal wrestle between witnessing his Omega in the arms of another Alpha, and his Omega getting the

comfort he desperately needed. "I gave him the choice, most of the time he'll need the option to choose physical comfort from an Alpha even you, not have it pressed on him."

Hannibal gave a frustrated, quiet growl and finished his glass.

The older Alpha softened his glare. "It's just because I've been where he is."

Hannibal hadn't felt inadequate in anything in a long time. Seeing Will seek his brother for comfort was unsettling. He cleared his throat again, seeing Duncan was waiting for him to relax before soothing him properly. Rising to check their food he insisted, "It's fine, please give him what he needs."

Duncan gave him a quick nod and started stroking his hands up and down Wills arm and back with pressure increasing and decreasing steadily, keeping his own breathing level. "What's going on in that pretty head, little one? I thought you would have slept for a while longer after eating."

Will mumbled an unsure response, sniffling and huffing a few breaths along the older Alpha's neck to calm himself with his scent.

"You can talk to me about what you're thinking, it's ok." Duncan nosed across his ear and into his hair, keeping a close watch on his brother as he rotated the roasting meat and vegetables.

"Had a nightmare, I was walking the dogs, and fell in the lake." Will finally started talking, keeping his eyes closed when he had his breathing under control and nuzzled up under the Alpha's jaw. "I kept surfacing and getting dragged under, over and over. . . Every time I thought I was finding the shore I'd get dragged back further."

"Sounds a scary dream. With your imagination it must have been terrifying."

"Mhm, I guess."

"I'm sure Hannibal has a psychological explanation for the dream, would you like to hear it?" Duncan tried to include his brother in the interaction, seeing the younger Alpha cast a glance over to gauge the Omega's response.

"I don’t like being psychoanalyzed, Hannibal knows that." Will grumbled, sitting up and taking his wine glass before resettling against the older Alpha's chest to sip.

Hannibal fought to control the urge to throw pans and food across the room. He needed to explain the meaning of his dream to understand the Omega's interpretation of it. The meaning was clear, and he was being hobbled by not being allowed to have a discussion with his partner about it and how he was feeling. Slamming the oven door shut, Hannibal braced his arm against the handle, ready to lose his temper and show his frustration.

Duncan rumbled loudly, something between a growl and a purr, but it seemed to settle the rise in anger from them both. He put forward, "Considering Hannibal's putting off his own discomfort with you not communicating to him what's going through your head most of the

time, don’t you think you could allow him to interpret what you do offer when you choose to communicate? Even though it makes you uncomfortable as well?"

Duncan's bartering with the Omega stilled the younger Alpha, allowing him to control his anger and give Will space to process what he was saying.

"Fuck. . . I guess. . ." Wills response was mumbled into his wine, nuzzling into Duncans neck as he tensed up in anticipation and fear of his mate picking through his brain as a therapist. "Doctor please proceed."

"Being dragged back and down are common traits of relapsing rises and falls; mental health, physical health, relationships, unstable friendships and connections. Depression can feel like drowning, being overwhelmed and smothered by negative thoughts even when we're finding the shore and thinking we've found solid ground." Hannibal stated plainly, keeping his voice level and moving back to the bench, topping up all of their glasses and moving back behind the kitchen bench, avoiding his mates eyes.

Duncan had to hide his smirk at the disgruntled huff the Omega gave against his chest, looking down and seeing him watch Hannibal move around the kitchen. He muttered, "Hit about right?"

"Mhm." Will sat up and finished his glass quickly, playing with his sleeves before saying, "I'm going to bed."

Duncan saw his brother fight himself into silence, filling it gently, "Dinner's not far off, could you eat with us before sleeping some more?"

"I just want to sleep." Will shook his head, pressing a kiss to the older Alpha's cheek before rising from his lap and padding around the bench with his arms crossed around his stomach.

Hannibal fought the urge to pull him into his arms and hold him close as he approached, remembering to give him the choice as his brother suggested. Offering his hand in a minimalist gesture, he took a few cathartic breaths while anticipating rejection from his mate.

"Night." Will murmured, stroking his hand from his wrist up his shoulder and kissing him gently.

"Goodnight."

Chapter 3

Will jolted awake, clutching at the arm around his chest and panicking.

"Will? It's just me what's wrong?" Hannibal's voice drifted through his panic, lifting his hold from his body and giving him some space when he pushed away from him.

"I'm uh-m. . . Where's Duncan?" Will stammered, hating the look of hurt it sent across Hannibals face but not knowing how else to deal with the panic attack. "Please, I'm-m so sorry I just need -"

"I'll get him."

Doing his best not to slam doors and stomp down the hall, Hannibal heaved a sigh before knocking at the guest room his brother was occupying. "Duncan?"

The gruff acknowledgement was all he needed to enter and growled quickly, "He's asking for you, he needs you."

"Fuck." Duncan growled back, sitting up and stretching his neck. "I'm sorry brother, I didn't anticipate him becoming so attached to me. . ."

"We'll discuss it later. Please."

Duncan followed him back to their bed, settling under the sheets on the other side of the Omega. "Hello little one, it's ok."

"Duncan. . ." Will whimpered, shifting into his arms and pressing his trembling body against the older Alpha.

The Alpha took deep breaths to level out the distressed Omega, making sure his arms were releasing and embracing with each inhale and exhale. Once Wills body stopped putting out distress signals and eased into sleep, Duncan reached out to his little brother, stroking his hand over his shoulder. "You ok?"

"As long as he's comfortable and happy I'll live." Hannibal sighed resentfully, turning his back on them and out of his brothers reach.

"Hannibal. . ."

"Goodnight Duncan."

Hannibal rose early as he always did, pushing aside the searing jealousy that quenched his usual morning enthusiasm at seeing his Omega wrapped in his brothers arms, sleeping deeply

for the first time in weeks.

Moving silently he dressed and went to the kitchen, preparing their breakfast to distract himself from fixating on the possibilities of their connection and what that would mean for their future.

Waking slowly to the smell of bacon, Will nestled further into the arms of the Alpha holding him, tracing his fingers under his shirt and through the grizzled hair covering his torso. Finding scars littering the skin, the Omega began hyperventilating; still caught between sleep and reality, his muddled brain threw him into a spiral.

"Will? Hey it's ok, you're alright." Duncan woke quickly to the ragged breaths and rigid arms bracing against his chest.

"Han- where'd those scars come from?"

"It's Duncan little one, I'll tell you all about them one day. Right now I need you to breathe."

"I cant, I'm uh-" Will relaxed his arms and moved back against the Alpha's body.

"You've worked yourself into quite the mess havent you sweetheart." Duncan crooned into his ear, exhaling heavily as he increased the pressure around the Omegas torso, nuzzling the back of his neck when he took a deeper breath. He coached him further, "There you go, and out."

"I feel pathetic." Will sniffled, forcing himself to take the deep breaths along with the Alpha.

"You're not pathetic." Duncan kissed his temple, nuzzling along his earlobe and murmuring, "You are the way you are Will."

"Broken?"

"Surviving." The Alpha twitched a grin, swallowing hard when the Omega explored his chest and ribcage with his fingers. It had been a long time since anyone had touched him intimately, his usual prostitutes and the Omegas he helped through heats were all business, something he had preferred from his interactions until now.

Keeping his own imagination in check he exhaled shakily, "We should go see Hannibal, something smells good."

"Good morning Will." Hannibal greeted him as he usually did, smiling when the Omega padded over quickly and wrapped his arms around his middle.

"Morning Han." Will kissed the back of his neck, nuzzling at the hair getting longer around his ears. "You need a haircut."

"I agree." The doctor chuckled, pleased his Omega had noticed something so insignificant. He set the pan and spatula aside, turning to hold Will close and nuzzle through his hair. Smelling more of Duncan than his own scent he cleared his throat, caressing his hip gently. He tried to keep the jealousy from his voice, noting, "You smell rested."

"I'm-uh. . . I slept through the night for the first time in ages. . ." Will muttered, resting his chin on the Alpha's shoulder and stroking his sides. He picked up that Hannibal was uncomfortable with the connection he had with his brother, and as much as he needed the understanding and compassion he didn't want it to end their relationship. "I'm really sorry, about connecting with Duncan so strongly. . ."

"I'm sure we'll get a chance to talk things through once you're more settled and in a routine." Hannibal pressed a dismissive kiss to the top of his head before returning to the stove. "It's been a rough couple of weeks for us both, I'm relieved you've found some form of support."

"Hannibal you support me very well as my Alpha." Will frowned, confused about the abrupt nature of the statement and his return to being so clinical about his mindset. He played with the sleeve of the older mans shirt before asking, "Do you think I'm questioning my dedication to you as my mate?"

Hannibal focused on the food, answering. "It's not uncommon for older Alpha siblings to take on their younger counterparts Omegas when compatible. When I called Duncan for help I wasn't anticipating your connection."

"You didn't answer my question." Will shot at him quickly, tapping the kettle on to boil and gathering some mugs and coffee for the three of them as he smelled Duncan approaching from upstairs. He felt the tears gathering as his imagination took him through the worst possible outcomes; all of them completely ridiculous but making sense to him at the time. "Hannibal I love you, but your brother is helping me a lot, and I'd really appreciate you not being a pretentious dick about it."

"And I'd appreciate you keeping your daddy issues away from my brother." Hannibal snarled at him, aggressively tossing the mushrooms through the pan.

"Jesus Hannibal you're really outdoing yourself right now." Will glared at him, tears spilling as he poured their coffees and added milk, leaving Hannibals by the kettle as he met Duncan with his at the door.

"Thankyou little one." Duncan took the mug and allowed the Omega to lean into him, nuzzling him back with a low purr when his nose found his jaw. The older Alpha watched his younger brother eye their interaction as he stroked his back, waiting for his acknowledgement and not comforting the bonded Omega further he offered, "Morning, brother."

"Duncan." Hannibal answered, avoiding his gaze and focusing on the pan.

"Maybe I should go out for breakfast. . ." The older Alpha murmured to Will, only to be met with a sniffle and tug at his shirt, the Omega whimpering and ducking under his arm to retreat upstairs. Duncan watched him go, sipping at his coffee before stalking over and crowding his brother in the kitchen. "Hannibal, what, the fuck?"

"Back off Dunc." Hannibal growled at him quietly, switching off the stove and bracing his hands against the bench.

"No." Duncan leaned over his brothers body, grabbing his wrists and resting his chin on his shoulder. "Talk to me Hannibal."

"I don’t share." Hannibal snarled, fighting his hold and snarling when he wouldn’t budge.

"Think about it baby brother, I'm not here to steal your Omega." Duncan chuckled against his neck, pressing a few gentle kisses along his jugular once he felt the younger Alpha relax and begin to listen. "If Will needs more comfort than clinical support I'm here and you can move forward."

"And if he needs something else?" Hannibal suggested, turning to tease at the skin of his brothers neck with his teeth, nipping him harshly before moving away and gathering the plates. Once he'd plated up their breakfast and set it on the table he realised he'd fixated and hadnt heard Duncans reply. "Dunc? What else can I give my Omega? Will is everything to me, I don’t know how to give him what you give him. . ."

"You mean other than being Daddy?" Duncan grinned wickedly at him, breaking the ice as they both laughed outright and sat side by side at the bench.

"Yes, I mean other than our collective proclivities and kinks." Hannibal sighed, forcing himself to eat. "What if I'm not enough for him anymore?"

"Because he's met me and I'm the complete package?"

"Not helping, Duncan." Hannibal grumbled, rubbing at his eyes. "Sincerely, what if you give him something I never can and he knows that?"

"I don’t think that's the case. But I'll be sure to bring it up in conversation."

"Why didn’t I eat you when we were children. . ."

"I would've won that fight too baby brother." Duncan rubbed his knee comfortingly. "Please don’t take this out on Will, I know you're doing your best. . ."

"I'm a jealous man, I don’t enjoy the idea of him running to you any time he doesn’t feel he can talk to me about his mind or how he's feeling."

"It was one night and he'd had a nightmare."

"Am I being illogical?"

"No." Duncan gave him a blank look, meeting his brother's skeptical glance.

"That’s a yes."

Duncan shrugged and went back to his breakfast with a small grin. His brother knew him well.

"Do you think it would be beneficial to move you into our room?"

"Whatever you both want is fine with me. I'll admit it was nice falling asleep next to someone again." The older Alpha sipped at his coffee, his brother scowling and setting his cutlery aside. "May be best to try another couple of nights without me in there, don’t want to encourage co-dependency."

"Ok." Hannibal rubbed at his eyes, rising and gathering the plate for Will. "I need to apologize. . ."

"Highly likely. Good luck."

"Shut up."

Chapter 4

That night found the three of them watching a movie after dinner, Will sitting in the middle of the Alphas. Legs crossed and playing with his sleeves he tried to focus on the screen, finding it difficult with his mind racing over the possibilities of the future with Hannibal; if he'd thrown their relationship into destruction because he couldn't control his outward responses to his depression at times, if his connection to Duncan was going to push Hannibal's patience past breaking point.

Getting lost in his thoughts, he didn't realize he was frowning and staring at the coffee table instead of the screen.

Duncan watched the younger man from the corner of his eye, seeing him get caught up in his own mind and not being able to return to the present. He cleared his throat quietly, openly looking to Hannibal to see if he was going to comfort the lost Omega, raising an eyebrow when he didn't get a response. Rolling his eyes at his brother's oblivious state, the Alpha stroked a hand up the soft skin of his arm, waiting for Will to meet his gaze before reaching up to rub his neck. Manipulating the muscles he watched the Omega close his eyes and begin to relax, removing his hand when his breathing leveled out.

Will grumbled quietly at the loss of contact, opening his eyes and looking to the older Alpha.

Twisting and leaning back, Duncan angled himself so his body was facing the Omega, holding his hand out as an invitation for him to come into his arms to snuggle.

Taking the offer without questioning it, Will laid across his torso. Curling one hand between their bodies and the other around the Alpha's middle he huffed a contented groan, refocusing on the screen and keeping up with the storyline finally.

Hannibal looked over to his brother at the movement, confusion on his face as he took in the comfortable position they were in. He hummed his unease, silencing himself when Duncan bared his teeth in a snarl over Will's head.

The older Alpha stroked Wills side until he fell asleep, quietly engaging his brother when he was sure the Omega was unconscious. "You didn't pick up on him spiraling again?"

"When?"

"Just before he came to me. I tried to get your attention. . ."

"Oh. . . I didn't realize. . ." Hannibal frowned, wondering what else he was missing.

"I know it's subtle and hard to see when you're not looking for it, but Will needs your attention and affection, especially when he's like this."

"Do you think I've been missing his signals and made him worse?" Hannibal asked, feeling guilty at not noticing when his mate needed him.

"Potentially." Duncan sighed looking down at the peaceful Omega huffing quiet snores against his chest. He twitched a smile, brushing the curls back that had fallen across his forehead.

"Thankyou, for being here." Hannibal watched his brother closely, seeing the growing fondness in his eyes and shifting uncomfortably. "I'm going to bed."

"You carrying him up or waking him?"

"Should I wake him? What would you do, if he were yours?"

"He's not mine." Duncan answered quickly, knowing his brothers curiosity was getting the best of him and would only play out negatively. He growled warningly, "And I don't respond well to being tested."

Hannibal nodded, resting a hand on his mates hip and rubbing his leg gently. Smiling a little at the sleepy grunt he got in response, he encouraged Will to wake up and come to bed with him.

Reluctantly releasing his hold on the Omega when he rose, Duncan bid them goodnight and remained on the couch. Rubbing at his eyes he let out a low groan, leaning his head back against the couch, hoping his half mast erection hadnt been obvious to his brother. Other than his physical attraction to the younger man, his affections were swiftly becoming apparent to him. He went to his room and tried to sleep, settling in for a restless night.

"Duncan?" Hannibal's abrupt knock startled the older Alpha awake. Having just fallen into sleep he growled in frustration instead of a verbal acknowledgement.

"Will needs you, he cant control his breathing." Hannibal mumbled tiredly, rubbing at his eyes.

Duncan growled as he rose, following his brother to the master bedroom and crawling in next to Will.

"Dunc?"

Will's whimper gentled the Alphas frustration at being woken again, dragging him into his arms and holding him tightly. "Easy baby, deep breath in."

Will inhaled shakily, beginning to sob into his chest on the exhale, hanging on to the front of his shirt as the Alpha rubbed his back and side soothingly.

"It's ok. What's going on?" Duncan nuzzled into his hair, giving him a gravelly rumble when he shuffled closer, resting the entire length of their bodies together. "Come on sweetheart, talk to me. Another dream?"

"I guess." Will sniffled, nosing into his chest and along his neck as he tried to control his breathing.

"Come on. . ." Duncan encouraged, shifting his hand under his shirt to see if skin contact would make a difference.

Hannibal had to stop from snarling at the purr his brothers touch drew from his mate, turning his back on them when he saw Will reach up to caress Duncans neck and look up at him like he was the only person in the world.

He listened to the Omega finally start talking about the part of him that screamed at him, telling him they didn't belong in the world and should just end his life, that he wasn't worthy of being loved and all of his relationships and friendships would only result in pain so why not just end it now. Hearing Duncan's steadfast tone in his quiet responses comforted even him, allowing himself to drift into sleep knowing his mate was safe and cared for, for the time being, even if it wasn't by him.

The next three nights saw the same result; Hannibal taking Will to bed and comforting him as best he could, only leaving Will asking for Duncan to comfort him halfway through the night.

The following morning was much like the last, and the four before it, Hannibal keeping his cool when Will greeted him in the kitchen smelling of his brother.

Offering a kiss to his cheek he served up their food, staying quiet when Duncan joined them and was greeted with an affectionate embrace by his mate.

"Busy day ahead?" Duncan asked his brother, noticing the envious looks he was getting when Will shifted his seat closer to maintain physical contact.

"Yes, I seem to have managed to schedule all of my high care clients into one afternoon."

"Perhaps you need to find a receptionist who can juggle your books for you." Duncan smirked at him playfully, knowing full well what had happened to his last receptionist.

"Perhaps I do." Hannibal twitched him a grin, quickly returning his gaze to watch Will as he ate slowly. "What have you got on for today Will?"

"Jack's asked me to run a profile." Will mumbled, forcing his eggs around the plate with the fork distractedly. "Sounds like a nasty one, he's sending photos of the scene over now."

"Would you like me to look them over before you have to?" Hannibal asked, masking his anger at the agent for trying to drag his mate back into profiling with another 'you're the only one who does what you can do' case.

"It should be ok, its easier with it being on the screen, I don't lose myself as often." The Omega sighed, offering a small smile. "Thankyou though."

Hannibal nodded, reaching over to caress his wrist affectionately before returning to his own food.

Once the younger Alpha had left for the day Duncan kept a close eye on the Omega.

"Did Jack send you the files yet?" He asked gently when Will returned to the sitting room with his laptop.

"Yeah. . ."

Noticing how drained the Omega already sounded, he grabbed his wrist and guided him to sit by his side. "Let me see."

"It's pretty fucked up Dunc, you don't need to deal with my work on your down time."

"It's fine. Show me." The older Alpha wrapped his arm around his side and played with his trackpants pocket.

They went through the photos slowly, Duncan keeping the Omega talking as he interpreted what he was seeing, not allowing him to spiral into his own mind for too long. After they'd finished the photo reel and Will was writing up his notes, Duncan made them both some lunch; toasted ham and cheese sandwiches.

"Amazing, thankyou." The Omega purred, settling against his side while they ate.

"You seem to enjoy physical connection, has that always been the case with you?"

"No, usually I'm fine with distancing and just verbal banter. Hannibal allows it now and then I guess."

"Do you normally tell him when you need physical comfort?"

"No. . . I think he has to guess with me a lot of the time. . ."

"Its ok." Duncan saw his mind try to beat him down as he set him plate down. "You can figure it out later. Feel like a movie?"

"Yeah." Will closed his laptop after sending the file through to Jack, watching the Alpha flick through the movies on the screen and wondering if he'd be open to snuggling on the couch for the afternoon. . .

The movie started and Duncan settled back on the couch, nudging the younger mans knee with his own after a few minutes of him fidgeting. "We curling up or not?"

Will breathed a sigh of relief, barely stopping himself from throwing himself on top of the Alpha. He leaned over, rubbing his cheek along Duncans shoulder and chest before laying across him, wriggling to get comfortable as he settled along his body.

Running his hands up and down the Omega's back, Duncan sighed contentedly. He mumbled, "Comfy?"

"Mhm." Will purred quietly.

"Can I ask you something?"

"Mhm."

"How was your relationship with your father after your mother had moved on?" Duncan asked him, stroking his arm gently

"He was a Beta, always used me as an excuse not to settle down. I was never good enough."

"How do you mean?"

"Any Alpha who courted him he said was only interested in me. Any Omega interested in him only wanted to care for me." Will grew uncomfortable with the subject, refocusing on the screen to lose his thoughts in the slow storyline of whatever they were watching.

"He didn’t offer his affection easily. . ."

"I didn’t know affection until I moved away and found my dogs. Anything between that is a blur." Will muttered dismissively. "How'd you know my mother wasn’t around?"

"I can imagine accepting affection or asking for it outright would be a daunting concept without a mother or nurturing father."

Will hummed, crossing his arms around his stomach and stroking his own wrist distractedly.

Recognizing the effort at self soothing, Duncan wrapped his arm around his shoulders, pulling him closer and stroking his inner arm gently.

He felt Will fall asleep after a while, relaxing and dozing himself until the Omega's fitful breathing pattern and rigid physical struggles against his body woke him.

"Will, Will it's ok, wake up baby. . ."

Duncan's voice brought him around quickly, clutching at his wrist and heaving a few deep breaths.

"Fuck, I'm sorry. . ." Will rubbed at his eyes, curling in on himself against the Alpha's side. "So much for a quiet afternoon."

"It's ok. You're working through what you need to, no need to be sorry." Duncan caressed his arm gently, playing with the tendons on the inside of his wrist.

"I cant get my head straight when I'm like this. . . What works for you?" Will sighed in frustration, clenching and releasing his fingers in the Alpha's jumper, pulling at it and exploring the fabric.

"I'd screw around a little, drink a little, do a few jobs, talk to Hannibal."

"Perks of being a single Alpha in this world I guess." The Omega grumbled flatly.

"What can I do?" Duncan sat up, ducking his head to read his expression.

Will shrugged, watching his long fingers trace his wrist joint, huffing when his wrist was grabbed and he was dragged onto the Alpha's lap. "Wha-?"

"You're a cuddler, come here."

"Hmf." Will frowned, fighting the hold half heartedly before settling on his thighs and resting his chin on his shoulder.

Duncan drew him close so their chests were together and he didn't have to stretch to rub his back. "What can I do?"

"I guess you're doing it." Will grumbled, closing his eyes.

"You guess?"

When the Omega grunted again Duncan shifted his hands either side of his rib cage, only giving him a moment before tickling his fingers along his sides.

"Hu- Dunc! Fu-!" Will huffed, fighting the automatic response his body gave him and gritting his teeth into a snarl.

"Come on. . ." Duncan let him shift back just a little so he could watch his face as he increased the movement.

Curling up and wriggling in an attempt to get away, the younger man shifted his legs to straddle the Alpha's thighs, trying to get more leverage and escape. "Mnnn fu! Duncan!"

Hearing the Omega begin to giggle he eased up and let him catch his breath. "That's a start."

"Cruel and unusual punishment considering." Will snuffed a quiet laugh.

"More?"

"Fuck! Duncan!" Will cried out, unable to help the outright laughter that escaped him. He clutched at the Alphas broad shoulders, grinning when he looked up to meet his eyes and seeing the cheeky look he was getting. Hips squirming when the fingers started alternating sides, Will shifted further into his lap until he was straddling his hips. He whined between fits of laughter, "Hah! Dunc, please- please!"

"Ok, ok." Duncan relented after another minute of giggles, finding he enjoyed the sound. Hands wandering to the Omegas waist and stroking his hips around to the small of his back, the Alpha twitched a smile, watching as he caught his breath.

"Sorry to interrupt."

Hannibal's voice startled them both, making Will cower into the older Alpha's chest and Duncan pull him into a tighter embrace. They looked over to the doorway, seeing Hannibal leaning against the frame arms crossed, watching them with a blank stare.

"Han, I'm-" Will stammered, cut off by his mate's lip curling in a snarl.

"Easy brother, it's ok."

"Dinner will be ready about seven." Hannibal swallowed before dropping Will's gaze, leaving them with a quiet, "It's nice to hear you laughing again, even if I'm not the reason anymore. . ."

"Ah fuck." Duncan exhaled heavily, dropping his hands from the Omega's back. "I should go after him, this isn't what I wanted him to come home to while we're still getting you right."

"I'll uh- I'm going upstairs. . ." Will nodded, getting up quickly, visibly upset.

"Will, wait." Duncan caught his elbow as he rose too, pulling him back into his arms and stroking the back of his neck. He mumbled into his hair, "He'll be ok, we just have to talk about a few things. Do you trust me?"

Will nodded against his neck, sniffling and clutching at the Alpha's jumper.

"Shhh, sweetheart it's ok."

"Would you tell him I'm sorry?"

"You have nothing to apologise for."

"But he thinks we-"

"He's not thinking straight." Duncan reassured him, kissing the back of his neck gently. "Go have a snooze in your nest."

Watching the Omega shuffle off sadly he sighed to himself. He had to be honest with his brother, moving to the kitchen and leaning his elbows against the kitchen bench as he played with his stubble. He was well overdue a shave, even his moustache was getting out of hand. Apologies didn't come easy to either of them, but he cleared his throat and managed, "Hannibal, I'm sorry you're upset. That wasn't my intention in being here."

"I asked you to help, I should've anticipated the possibility of feelings developing while you were supporting us both." Hannibal kept his voice level, working the vegetables through oil in a pan before putting them in the oven. He turned to the bench to prepare the fish, slicing and gutting it efficiently. "Is it just because you think alike or are you developing true feelings for him?"

"Who are you asking?" Duncan tilted his head curiously, keeping close watch on his reaction. "Do you want my answer, or Will's?"

"Both, I suppose." Hannibal relented, setting about deboning the salmon the way his Omega had showed him. "I'll admit I'm at a bit of a loss as to how to consolidate seeing my mate being so comfortable with another Alpha."

"I'm your blood Hannibal, I'd be more worried if I were a stranger he was reacting to this way."

"You're right. I know I'm being irrational. . . Is Will ok? My behavior was less than supportive and that's not what he needs right now."

"He'll be ok. He's still searching for stable ground."

"I suppose we all are. . ." Hannibal frowned, his mind ticking through how each of them may be feeling given the circumstances. "What can I do for him?"

"I think he needs to figure that out too."

"He seems to know exactly what he wants from you." The younger Alpha couldn't help the snarky quip, tossing the deboned fish fillet in a tray and seasoning it to distract himself.

"I also offer options instead of set decisions." Duncan moved to the fridge, finding a bottle of white wine. Gathering glasses he poured them each a drink before sitting at the bench, playing with his moustache before talking again. "Han I'm not going to lie, Will is-"

"I know." Hannibal cut him off, sipping at his glass before sighing, "I know, he's amazing, beyond words, amazing. . ."

"I don't expect you to be ok with me being here knowing I have a connection with your Omega, if you need me to leave I'd understand." Duncan sipped at his wine, not avoiding his brothers gaze when he met it.

"Dunc I'm-"

"I don't want to fight you for him. He's your mate, if you're not comfortable with me spending more time with him I can go. Now."

"No. I still need to learn a few things from you it seems." Hannibal answered quickly, frowning and battling with himself. While he wanted to be the only one his Omega needed that clearly wasn't the case currently; his brother was helping them both and as uncomfortable as his territorial and independent instincts were making him, they both needed Duncan. "Dunc. . ."

The older Alpha grunted, never being one for in depth discussions involving his own feelings. "It's fine. We'll work around what Will needs."

"What if. . ." Hannibal didn't want to finish the sentence as he put the fish in the oven, closing the door gently and trying again. "What if he just needs you?"

"You mean what if he doesn't need you anymore?" Duncan watched his brothers face guardedly.

"If he didn't need me anymore. . ." Hannibal repeated to himself, watching the vegetables in the oven begin to glisten in the oil and heat. "Maybe I should stay at the office a few days, give him some space to figure out what he needs. . ."

"Han-"

"Duncan you've said how clinical I am over and over." The younger Alpha exhaled in frustration, returning to the bench and sipping at his glass again. "If he needs someone he's safe with to get lost in maybe that's you."

"You said you don't share."

"Maybe he needs me to share him." Hannibal bit out, finishing his glass quickly and moving to the fridge for a refill. "Maybe I need to reassess where I'm at when it comes to his best interests. . ."

"I'm not saying I'd refuse if he agreed, but would you really be ok with us becoming intimate?" Duncan asked him outright, not seeing the point in avoiding the endgame of their discussion.

"You and I have been together, perhaps this could eventuate into the three of us becoming involved. . ."

"So we're clear Han, I'm not talking about a once in a while thing here." The older Alpha cleared his throat, moving his glass across the bench for his brother to refill. "I'm here for you both, not just a quick lay with your Omega when you don't know what else to do."

"You'd want to be around?" Hannibal met his steady gaze, softening his own when he saw the fear of rejection. "I mean always, every day when you're not away working. It'd be the three of us."

"We have some work to do, but yes, that's what I'd want."

"I'll take it under consideration. Has anything happened between the two of you thus far?"

"No."

"Will you let me know if things proceed ahead of us all consenting?"

"Of course. I need to go out for a few things, need anything picked up?"

"Perhaps something for Will?" Hannibal rubbed at his eyes, trying not to think about the hours of paperwork he needed to get done for the day. "He likes salted caramel chocolate. . ."

"I know, back in a bit."

Chapter 5

Once dinner was cooking Hannibal went to his study, setting about his notes and translating his shorthand into his main book. He barely noticed when Will knocked and entered, humming in return to his greeting and looking up at him in surprise when he pushed him back in the chair and straddled his thighs.

"Hey baby, I miss you." Will kissed him slowly, tracing his hand through his hair and massaging his neck gently.

"Hello darling." Hannibal returned the kiss briefly, rubbing his back gently before withdrawing. "I miss you too, but can we pick this up another night? I've still got hours of work to do and a few phone appointments to get through."

"Oh, uh. . . yeah." Will stood, moving to his side and leaning down to nuzzle and kiss at his neck. "You sure you don’t need a break?"

"Will I'm very busy." Hannibal sighed tiredly, kissing his cheek dismissively and returning to his notebook.

"You're kidding right?" The Omega huffed a laugh, face falling into confusion when he wasn’t acknowledged again. Growing upset he left the study without another word, retreating to his nest to process the rejection.

"Han? Where's Will?" Duncan knocked on the study door before entering, smelling the Omega's lingering distress pheromones and frowning when he didn’t see him in the office being comforted by his Alpha.

"Not in here."

"When did you see him last?"

"A while ago, I told him I was busy so he left."

"Any chance you were an asshole about it?" Duncan growled quietly, rubbing at his eyes.

"I was distracted, I'm about to have a phone appointment can you check dinner and rotate the vegetables please?" Hannibal picked up the phone, dialing his clients number before his brother had even left the room.

"Will?" Duncan finally found the Omega in his nest, following his nose after checking their food and pouring a couple of glasses of the whiskey he'd grabbed.

"Hey." The Omega's sniffed greeting was muffled.

"Can I come in?"

"Yeah."

Approaching quietly, Duncan flicked on the bedside lamp and set the glasses down, taking in the defeated, miserable looking Omega buried in his blankets. He sat, rubbing where he supposed his knee would be. "Hi sweetheart, what's going on?"

"Nothing."

"Doesn’t look like nothing to me."

"I'm fine."

"I can tell." Duncan twitched him a small smile. "Can I get you anything?"

"New brain?"

"Yours is just fine, why would you want another one?"

Will huffed in response, emerging from his blankets a little to crawl into the Alpha's arms. He let himself cry against his chest, feeling his body calm with his touch as he sorted out his thoughts. After a few minutes he whispered, "I don’t think Hannibal loves me anymore."

"Why's that?"

"We havent been intimate in over a month, and I tried to get close to him this afternoon. He flat out rejected me."

"I'm sorry sweetheart, that would be upsetting while you're not feeling like yourself." Duncan murmured, making a mental note to give his brother a beat down.

"I know I'm difficult to deal with when I'm like this but-"

"Stop that." Duncan cut him off firmly, stroking a hand through his hair. "You're not difficult."

"Dunc I'm tired of being like this. . ." Will sniffed, exhausted and out of tears.

"I know baby, it's hard. I promise it'll pass."

"What do I do?"

"About Hannibal or how you're feeling?" Duncan reached across and retrieved a glass for the Omega, chuckling at the appreciative moan his first sip brought out as he grabbed his and took his as a shot, freeing up his hand to stroke Wills neck and jawline.

"Both."

"You're allowed to feel how you feel in any given moment sweetheart, we aren’t supposed to be happy all the time."

"Human condition?"

"Something like that."

"Do you think Hannibal's sick of me?"

"No. Do you?"

"Feels like it at the moment." Will sipped at his drink, rubbing his cheek against his broad chest when he shifted to get comfortable. "Think it'll pass too?"

"If you let it." Duncan said, resting his chin on the Omega's head when he was still for a moment.

"What do you mean?" Will finished his glass, leaning across the Alpha to set it on the bedside table and settling back against his chest, feeling more level through his exhaustion.

"Hannibal may just be used to being busy and not needing to give you the support you need right now." Duncan offered, pulling a blanket across them as the younger man scented his neck and buried his hands in his shirt. "Safe to say you're pretty used to settling yourself when you're level?"

"Mhm."

"It'll be ok."

"Mnn." Will groaned quietly, wriggling half asleep against the Alpha to get comfortable. "Thanks for sticking around, sorry I'm such a train wreck."

"Stop apologizing. Go to sleep." Duncan chuckled, rubbing his back soothingly until he let the alcohol help him drift. Dozing himself, he sighed contentedly when the Omega shifted again, moving to lay across him and twining his leg between his thighs.

The oven alarm roused them both an hour later; the Alpha breathing in deeply as Will groaned against his neck.

"Five more minutes."

"Hannibal's working, I need to check the food or he'll be serving me." Duncan muttered.

Will grumbled, rubbing his jaw against his chest in a cat-like manner as he shifted up the strong body beneath him.

Grunting a strained breath when the Omega nuzzled up his throat and kissed under his jaw, Duncan clutched at his waist, trying not to let his imagination run away with him.

"Five more minutes. . ." Will shifted himself up and pressed their lips together, purring when the Alpha moaned into the kiss and returned it. "The food can wait. . ."

"Fuck." Duncan growled, moving a hand to cup his jaw, tilting his head and deepening the kiss as the younger man sat up and straddled his waist. The alarm went off again, drawing him from the succulent mouth he'd been fantasizing about and making him pull away. Hating that he was the cause of the needy whine pulled from the Omega, Duncan grit his teeth and settled his hands on the thighs around his middle. He huffed, "Easy baby."

"Do you not find me attractive?" Will frowned in confusion, stroking the Alpha's neck.

"No pretty one, it's not that I don't want you." Duncan told him firmly, pressing a kiss to his neck before forcing himself to push the Omega off his lap. "I have to speak with Hannibal."

"Dunc, what?" Will cast him a forlorn look, hurt mixed with confusion and rejection. "What did I do?"

"Fuck, Will, nothing." The Alpha carded a hand through his hair, kissing his lips gently and stroking his ear before rising. "You're doing nothing wrong sweetheart I just need to clear a few things up with my brother."

He reached the study quickly, taking a deep breath before entering.

"Everything alright with dinner?" Hannibal didn't look up, still focused on his work.

"Han, kitchen, now." Duncan ordered firmly, not leaving any room for argument, satisfied when his brother complied.

Seeing Duncan was edgy the younger Alpha busied himself around the kitchen again, removing the salmon entrée and bringing out the last items he needed to put on for their dinner. He was almost done with the pumpkin when he finally spoke.

"We need a serious chat about Will." Duncan cleared his throat, crossing his arms and leaning against the fridge.

"Is this your version of challenging me for his affections brother?" Hannibal finished slicing with a flourish, burying the knife in the meat resting in the tray.

"I'm not challenging anything, I'm not gonna fight you-"

"Yes you would." Hannibal kept his cool front, moving the last vegetables into the oven. He met his brothers edgy gaze and opened the fridge to retrieve the white wine, moving him away. "For him you would. You've said yourself Will is amazing. I can smell the attraction between the two of you, as far as rights go if your connection is genuine I'd be the only thing standing between you."

"Han I'm not trying to take him from you. . ."

"Tell me you're not drawn to him." The younger Alpha poured them both a glass, taking the time to smell the bottle before recapping it and returning it to the fridge.

"I wont lie to you." Duncan watched his brother remove and put aside the knife close by before seasoning the leg of whatever meat he was intending they have for the main that

evening. He cleared his throat again, admitting, "I'm drawn to him. He's sweet, affectionate, strong willed for an Omega. . ."

"I know, I am his mate after all." Hannibal snarled at his brother, clenching his fists and exhaling heavily before rubbing at his eyes and taking a deep drink.

"We had a moment, before. . ."

"A moment?"

"We had a nap after you rejected him, I comforted him and we shared a kiss. . ."

He swallowed with another sigh, controlling his frustration and handing his brother the glass intended for him. "If he chooses you. . ."

"Hannibal." Duncan leveled him with a skeptical look, taking the beverage and reaching out to caress his elbow gently. "Will loves you. He just needed some affection and you didn't give it to him. He's drawn to us both, is that entirely unacceptable?"

"You have no idea what I've been through to get him to accept me as I am. . ." Hannibal tensed at his brothers touch.

"You have no idea what Will has been through to accept himself. For who he is and how he loves and accepts you." Duncan contested him less than subtly, sipping at his wine and pressing a kiss to his jaw. Purring when Hannibal leaned into his cheek, the older Alpha set his glass aside and embraced the tightly wound body beside him, feeling the unease and discord running through his brother. "I understand you and Will have put one another through a whole load of shit, but he's put himself through a whole lot more in his own head, with or without you being involved."

"Duncan. . ." Hannibal growled in warning when the hold was tightened, his limits being pushed for the time being.

"Will needs a clear answer about our dynamic either way. Now."

"Or what?" Hannibal shifted uncomfortably, fisting his hands into the back of his brothers shirt, preparing for a physical altercation.

"Or we'll all be left in limbo until you send me away or we have this conversation again." Duncan sighed, shifting his hands to his shoulder and nape of his neck, scratching his nails through his hair.

"Duncan."

"Will is everything to you Hannibal, I'm beginning to feel the same. . ."

"Fuck . . ."

"Language baby brother. Perhaps integrating our relationships sooner than you'd wanted. . ."

"What, if we found a way to coexist with Will getting what he needs?"

"Share?"

"Will isn’t some random item-"

"Your word, and not what I intended." Duncan nipped harshly at his jugular, enjoying the strained groan it brought. "He's no object to be possessed. I was thinking more polyamory until you both decide if I'm a cast off or regular addition."

"You want. . . to be involved with us both? Together?"

"Our intimacy has always been. . ." Duncan shifted his hips to meet his brothers, growling at the hitch in his breath at the contact. "Intricate."

"That was before Will and I were involved, he's complicated. I'm possessive, protective. . ."

"I am too. I don’t think he'd agree without you present long term, but I need you to be alright with it in advance." Duncan panted shortly, running his hand through his brothers hair and tugging at the back of it when he didn’t respond. He growled, "Hannibal he's your Omega, I will not do this without your consent or participation."

"He wants you Dunc." Hannibal growled, pushing back at him to gain some space.

"He wants affection and care. While he has a serious daddy kink that I fulfill, that doesn’t mean you cant meet his need baby brother. . ." The older Alpha released his grip, retrieving his glass. "Can you give him what he needs right now?"

"I still have my notes and a patient to call and check on-"

"He needs someone Hannibal. He took your rejection very poorly this afternoon, I don’t know how he'd take more."

"You have my consent to give him what he needs. Please don’t ask for my participation just yet. . . I need some time." The younger Alpha rubbed at his eyes, barely believing the words coming from his mouth.

"You're sure?"

"Dinner will be ready in two hours, would you mind serving and making sure he eats? I'll still be working."

"Ok." Duncan nodded, watching his brother put the trays into the oven and get some water, returning to the study without another word. Taking a moment to gather himself, the older Alpha finished his wine and set the glass aside before making his way back up the stairs to see Will.

Chapter 6

He was greeted with a cautious nuzzle along his chest and arms around his neck as he approached the bed, allowing himself a grin at the open affection he hadn't enjoyed for a very long time.

"Hi little one." Duncan returned the embrace, nosing through the hair surrounding his ear affectionately. "How're you feeling?"

"Unwanted, insecure, turbulent, mad, sad, unsure. . ."

"I'm sorry sweetheart I didn't want to leave you like that. . ."

Will hummed against his chest, clutching at the back of his shirt and trying to quiet his mind.

Guiding the Omega back to the bed head he sat, allowing the younger male to situate himself where he was comfortable. He had to subdue the gratified purr when he straddled his waist and rested his head against his neck, Will scenting him in long breaths against his neck making him fight the hold he had on his self control.

"Hannibal gave me his permission to reciprocate, should you feel the urge to explore our relationship further."

"What?"

"Will I'm not going to play games, you are a very desirable person and our mutual connection is clear. We're compatible."

"Dunc. . .Are- " The Omega ran a hand through his hair, rubbing at the back of his neck before scrunching his eyes shut. "Are you saying Hannibal gave me to you? He. . . He doesn't want me any more?"

"Oh fuck, darling no." Duncan huffed in frustration at himself. "I'm not as articulate as my brother. . ."

"What's going on? I don't get it. . ." Will grumbled into his neck, his thoughts running rampant about what he could have done or said to Hannibal to stop him leaving.

"We're considering polyamory, if you'd be open to trying it." Duncan stroked his back soothingly, nosing through his hair. Hearing the Omega's confused huff he elaborated as best he could, "You'd still be Hannibal's mate, and if you need me I'd be your mate too."

"But Hannibal wouldn't like sharing, he likes having me to himself. . ." Will nuzzled under his jaw, venturing a hand to caress the broad sternum and chest before him. "What's in it for him?"

"Knowing he has support and guidance from another Alpha within his bloodline to support you both through hard times." Duncan answered smoothly, swallowing and groping at his hip when Will moved to get comfortable. "As far as we're concerned the ball is in your court, you let us know what you need from us."

"What if I just need you?" Will kissed at his jaw, nipping gently before moving his hands beneath the Alpha's shirt to explore his torso. "I've had you around me for a week and all I can think of is you."

"This is still new so that's understandable for the time being." Duncan swallowed, tilting his pelvis to meet the Omegas roll of his hips. He groaned brokenly, "As long as you don't fixate on just me, this is still to help you and Hannibal."

"Mhm, I understand." Will purred, reaching down and palming his erection firmly, chuckling when his ministrations drew a heady groan from the Alpha.

"Fuck, Will. . ." Duncan moaned quietly, leaning his head back against the bedhead as the Omega undid his pants and stroked him. Feeling his lips drift up his jaw, the Alpha met and kissed them gently, grunting when Wills tongue traced his lower lip, begging for entry. He parted his lips hesitantly, not wanting to drive the Omega into his own arms as opposed to seeking out his brother so quickly.

"Please," Will panted, picking up on his unease and nipping teasingly at his lips. "Don't turn me down too. . ."

"Not fair." Duncan groaned, thrusting up into his hand and clutching at his hips. He leaned up and claimed his lips firmly, kissing and licking his way into his mouth. Drawing a needy whine from the Omega, he stroked up his spine with one hand, enjoying the way it curved supplely under his touch. "Fuck you're perfect."

"Glad you think so." Will mumbled against his mouth, stroking his cock steadily.

"Will. . ." Duncan shifted his hands under his track pants, groping at his arse and dragging him onto his lap. Getting his fill of the plump Omega ass, he shifted his right hand around Wills front and began stroking the Omega's erection quickly.

"Duncan! Ah, fuck!" Will bit out, feeling the hot curl of arousal shift through his navel as the Alpha rutted up against his thighs and arse.

"Come for me sweetheart, just like that." Duncan growled at the Omega, "Fuck yeah, Come for me Will."

Losing himself to the new touch and the tone of the Alpha's command, Will came across their shirts, whimpering and groaning as he thrust against the larger male.

"Fuck, fuck. . ." Duncan panted against his neck, trailing his lips along the stubbled skin while they both caught their breath, pressing a few kisses and nips along his jugular to get the broken groans he craved. "You ok?"

"Mhm, gonna skip dinner, just want you." Will mumbled, almost dozing again as he rode out the high of his orgasm.

"I still have to check the food when the alarm goes baby." Duncan shifted beneath the Omega, moving him so they could lay face to face. "How about I bring us a plate to share before we go to bed?"

"I don’t think Hannibal's interested in trying our usual arrangement, cant you stay in here with me?" Will mused, drawing up his free leg to wrap around the Alpha's hip, grinning at the heavy swallow it drew from him as he nudged his hips forwards to get comfortable.

"Minx." Duncan growled, kissing him firmly and burying his hand in his hair, pulling his head back to claim his mouth before controlling himself. "Hannibal's working, and this should stay your space. . ."

"Even after you just got me off in here?" Will grinned further, teasing his lips.

"Mhm." Duncan grumbled, nipping the tempting lower lip and drawing blood, growling lowly at the yelp it got. "Your nest is yours, you need a safe space. If you want to be taken to bed it needs to be mine or Hannibals at this stage."

"Yours then." Will told him quickly, not even considering including his Alpha in what was going on currently.

"You're sure?"

"Yep." Will nipped at his lower lip, drawing a wanton groan from the older Alpha and tilting his hips against him.

"Fuck. . ." Duncan moaned under his breath, thrusting against him a few times before wrapping him in his arms and rolling on top of him. "You know you're playing with fire don’t you baby?"

"Mhm, nice to have an Alpha acknowledge when they have a playmate and not just a mate. . ." Will growled, nipping at him, biting down hard enough to leave teeth marks across his jugular. He whimpered when the Alpha thrust against him, returning the harsh bite along his collarbone.

"Hannibal knows you're not just arm candy." Duncan growled against his skin, rubbing his hardening cock along the Omega's stomach and groping at his thigh with bruising force. "He's having a hard time with this too, cut him some slack."

"You're defending him?"

"Mhm, he's got a lot to learn." The older Alpha explored Wills body, leaning on his elbow and kissing him sedately while his free hand roamed. Noticing the shiver sent through the divine body below him when he caressed his hand lightly along his ribcage, Duncan purred deeply, "So do you."

"Had a few fucked up Omegas have you?" Will rolled his hips up against the strong body covering him and raking his nails down his back.

"None I cared much about." The Alpha settled the obvious jealousy immediately, clutching at his hip, grunting and thrusting against him languidly. He deepened the kiss, feeling his own body being explored and humming when the Omegas touch softened into caresses along his shoulders and neck.

"How long until the alarm goes?" Will asked slyly, shifting his hands below the Alphas pants.

"No idea, why's that?"

"Because I want you to fuck me." Will purred in his ear, grinning at the strangled moan the admission brought him.

The Alpha rolled the smaller male above him quickly, sitting up and caressing the Omegas neck and waist calmly in spite of his inner turmoil. He wanted to fuck this Omega, until he was crying out his name and had no idea where he was or which way was up.

Huffing and panting to keep his breath, the Alpha let Will shift against him as he murmured, "You like being on top baby?"

"Yeah, lets me find where it feels good for us both." Will clutched at his hair, thrusting against the Alpha, groaning when their erections rubbed across each other and repeated the movement.

"That feels so good baby, such a good boy for me." Duncan purred, claiming his lips seductively and petting his hand over the soft curls surrounding his ear.

"Mnn you like that?" Will kissed down his jawline to nip at his earlobe before moaning quietly by his ear, "Daddy?"

Duncan let out a feral groan, ripping him back up by the hair to meet his lips and thoroughly claiming his mouth. He spanked his arse and pulled the Omega off his lap, undoing the drawstring holding up his own track pants and pulling them down. Taking his erection in his hand and stroking it firmly he watched Wills face, relishing in the little hitches of breath, and moans against his neck when he pulled off their pants completely and lifted him back onto his lap. When the Omega ground against him, rubbing their cocks against one another he crooned, "Fuck you're so perfect."

"That feels so good Daddy, I want you so bad." Will whined pleadingly, pawing at the bottom of his shirt, clawing at the solid muscle he found beneath it and drawing a quiet growl from the Alpha. "Please?"

Leaning his head back against the bedframe Duncan groaned and thrust up against him, pulling his shirt over his head and conceding, "Ok sweetheart, whatever you want."

Stroking his free hand across his thigh and between the soft cheeks above, the Alpha teased at his entrance. His fingers being met with slick and a wanton moan, he breached the tight

ring of muscles; one digit being joined quickly with two more as Will shifted into the penetration.

"Please? I want your cock." Will kissed and licked up his neck and jaw.

The needy whine made the Alpha pull out his fingers and coat his erection with slick. Groaning and lining himself up with the Omega's entrance, he pushed in slowly, growling at the rousing pants and vocalizations from him. He sheathed himself fully in the Omega, moving his hands to the smooth thighs straddling him.

"Oh fuck, Dunc-" Will gasped, leaning down to kiss him hungrily, moving on and off the Alpha's cock experimentally.

Rumbling and not interfering with his movements, Duncan let him get used to his girth slowly, not moving until the Omega rolled his hips in a deep thrust to impale himself on his cock. He shifted, adjusting his angle before driving up into the eager body above him.

They found a steady rhythm quickly, Will panting against his mouth and whimpering with each thrust as he sped up his own gyrations, chasing pleasure as the Alpha's cock pressed against his prostate.

"Ah Fuck! Mn, slow down baby." Duncan moaned roughly, grasping at the Omega's hips as he stilled his own movements. "Slow down."

"What's wrong?" Will panted, stopping and sitting up, hands planted on his chest and searching his eyes worriedly. "What did I do?"

"Mnnn I said slow down not stop." The Alpha growled, groping at his arse and pulling him back down to meet his lips hungrily. "Not gonna last long if you keep that up."

"Oh really?" Will gave him a wolfish grin, nipping at his lip and rolling his hips back and forward languidly, groaning breathily at the feeling of his body taking the thick cock from beneath him. "Fuck, you feel so good."

"Just like that." The Alpha praised him, moaning into his mouth as their lips met steadily, letting the Omega ride him leisurely. He relaxed his hands, exploring the creamy thighs, hips and waist above him, getting lost in Wills touch as the Omega's hands trailed through the hair covering his chest, one shifting up and carding through the hair at the back of his head. "Good boy, just like that, let me feel you."

"Duncan, fu-" Will breathed, fighting to keep his pace slow and enjoy the feel of their bodies moving together. Part of him wanted to return to chasing his release, to be pounded into relentlessly and thoroughly fucked. That part got quieter as the Alpha kept exploring his body, caressing and adoring every inch he could reach. He whimpered when his ass was slapped and groped, making him tilt his pelvis.

The new angle rubbed Duncan's cock across his prostate, drawing a rough whine from the Omega. "Ah! Mnn!"

"Right there baby?" Duncan replaced his hands on the muscled curve of his hips, thrusting into him with a grunt, growling with satisfaction when the sound was repeated. "You're so good baby, such a good boy for Daddy."

"Mnnn Daddy, you feel so good." Will groaned, rolling his hips to shift up and down the thick shaft inside him.

"You like Daddy's cock baby? You're taking it so well, such a good Omega baby." Duncan huffed, feeling himself get closer and increase his pace.

"Fuck, Daddy just like that, please-" The Omega whined, kissing down the Alpha's neck and hanging on to his shoulders as he felt his cock grow within him.

"You're such a good boy, you gonna come for me baby?" The Alpha thrust up into the Omega quickly, hanging onto his hips as he found the perfect angle for them both.

"Daddy, fuck yeah, like that, Daddy-"

Wills moans were drowned out by the vocalizations from Duncan, both of them laying panting after their release. Duncan moved to pull out of the Omega but was clawed again, Wills nails digging into the raw skin across his shoulders.

"Just stay, until the alarm goes, please?"

"I think it's going baby." Duncan winced at the underlying tone from the kitchen he'd ony just noticed. He felt the nails scratch across his back before he leaned back and claimed the Omegas lips again, huffing a groan when he definitely hear the alarm. He pulled out of the Omega, not giving himself the time to watch his hole seep the cum he'd just received. He put his pants back on and rushed out, "Back soon."

Turning the alarm and oven off quickly, Duncan brought the trays of food out and put together a few plates.

Delivering one to Hannibal in his office he received a raised eyebrow at the effort.

"Everything alright?" Duncan cleared his throat, and set the plate on his desk, watching his brother look over the savaged skin covering his shoulders.

"Sounded like everything's going well." The younger Alpha smirked at his brother, chuckling at the grin of relief his comment received. "Antibacterial wash is in the bathroom cabinet."

"Uh thanks. . ."

"Where will you be sleeping tonight?"

"Will indicated he'd like to use the spare room, if you're alright with it?"

"Is he worried about my reaction to the two of you having sex in our bed?" Hannibal asked abruptly, continuing his notes.

"I think he just needs a bit of space to get used to whatever it is the three of us are considering." Duncan mumbled. "Maybe we all do?"

"Ok. I'll see you in the morning."

"Night."

Duncan left the loaded plate in his room, retrieving Will from his nest and carrying him to his bed. Making sure the Omega had eaten enough with a lot of convincing, he coaxed Will into talking about his thoughts on their proposed arrangement.

"Would it be awkward? For you and Hannibal?" Will asked, letting the Alpha get comfortable on the bed before positioning himself under his arm and running his fingers through the grizzled hair covering his chest.

"At first I think it could be awkward for all of us, but if we keep talking about things as they come up we should make it work."

"What if we cant make it work?" Will frowned, snuggling closer at the unwelcome concept his mind threw at him.

"I suppose I'd have to leave." Duncan nosed through his hair, giving him a quick squeeze. "But lets not focus on possible outcomes. I don’t think it'll come to that."

"I'd go with you. . ."

"You'd want to, but I wouldn’t allow it." Duncan chuckled, caressing his jaw and tilting his chin up to meet his eyes. "Time for some sleep, you're tired."

"Mhm." Will traced his wrist, meeting the gentle kiss and humming contentedly. "Night handsome."

"Goodnight sweetheart."

Chapter 7

The following morning Will awoke at 5 am to a message from Jack, saying he was needed on a new case immediately. Grumbling, he considered going back to sleep, nestled in the arms of the older Alpha he'd slept solidly and was fairly keen for some more rest. His conscience getting the better of him he woke Duncan with a slow kiss, stroking his neck and watching the deep brown eyes come into focus. "Hi baby."

"Good morning pretty one." Duncan kissed him back, smiling and holding him close. "You're up early."

"I gotta go to a scene, just got a message from Jack."

"In the field?" Duncan frowned, drawing back and searching his eyes. "Are you up for it?"

"I'm ok, I can do this." Will tried to reassure him, giving him a grin and nipping at his jaw. "I should go tell Hannibal he'll want to know."

"Ok." Duncan let him go, rubbing his eyes and rising himself. He dressed quickly and trailed the Omega to Hannibals room.

"Are you sure? It's a fresh scene and you're just coming good. . ." Hannibal rubbed the Omega's leg comfortingly, nodding to his brother when he knocked at the door.

"What do you think Han?" Duncan asked quietly, crossing his arms and leaning against the bedframe.

"I can handle it, I promise." Will assured them both, smiling at Hannibals show of affection when he reached out and stroked his cheek, leaning into the caress.

"Ok, lets get some breakfast into you." Hannibal nodded and rose.

Making sure Will had eaten the brothers allowed him to dress and ready himself on his own.

"Since when do you skip bacon and eggs?" Hannibal prodded his brother affectionately, finishing his own plate and noticing the older Alpha ignoring his food completely.

Duncan hummed, focusing on his coffee and keeping his eyes on the bench.

Frowning, Hannibal went to say something further but was interrupted by Will making his way downstairs, calling out, "Bev's out front, I'll see you both later."

"Just a minute Will." Hannibal responded quickly, rising alongside his brother and rushing to the entryway.

"You'll be with Bev and Zeller?"

"And Jimmy." Will confirmed, getting a chuckle from his mate.

"As much as I consider Price a strong part of the analytical team, I'm more comforted by the former two being with you." Hannibal enforced, hugging him briefly before pressing a kiss to his cheek and releasing him. "Be safe."

"I will, it's just another day I promise." Will smiled at him, giving him a quick kiss before moving to the older Alpha waiting with his jacket by the door. "Hey baby."

"Hi little one."

The jacket was held out for him to slip into, the Alpha making sure he was wrapped in it before drawing him into his arms.

"It's just another bust they need immediate analysis on, I probably wont even get to see any of the action." Will tried to reassure him, realizing this was the first day he'd been called into the field while Duncan had been in his life. His worry was understandable. "I'll be ok."

"I don't want you out there alone." Duncan growled in his ear, holding him tightly. "Would they notice if I tailed you?"

"I'll be with the team, don't worry."

"Not comforting." The Alpha sighed, reluctantly releasing him and returning the sedate kiss he was offered.

"I gotta go, Bev's waiting for me." Will caressed his cheek, rubbing his fingers over the stubble affectionately. "Bye baby."

"Bye."

"He knows how to shoot right?" Duncan asked quietly after watching the SUV drive down the road and out of sight, closing the door and trailing behind his brother to the kitchen.

"He's an excellent shot, and Ms Katz is his best friend, she'll look out for him." Hannibal poured them both another coffee, chuckling when Duncan moved to the liquor cupboard and added whiskey to his own mug. He nodded when his brother tilted the bottle to his mug with a questioning glance, recognizing the effort at bonding and accepting it.

"And defend himself? How often is he in the field?"

"Not often, but he's proven more than capable each time he's been dragged out by Agent Crawford, even against my approval." Hannibal foamed and added milk before sliding the mug across the bench. "Winter coffee, for the nerves."

"When did I start getting worried about FBI agents doing their jobs?" Duncan sipped at his coffee, rubbing his hand across his eyes tensely.

"When you found an FBI agent worth worrying about." Hannibal chuckled again, moving around the bench to sit by the older Alpha. "When did we find another Alpha who worried

more about my Omega than I do?"

"Han-"

"It's ok, you havent seen him in action." The younger Alpha reassured his brother, sipping at his mug. "Your concern for him is refreshing."

"What?"

"I've decided we should go ahead with. . . whatever this seems to be." Hannibal told him, rubbing the older Alphas neck to try and get him to relax. "It'll take some getting used to. . . but I havent seen either of you this engaged and content."

"Would it make you happy as well?"

"I'll let you know when I figure that out."

"Anything else bothering you?"

"Am I really bad at this?"

"Will is an enigma Han. He's probably still figuring out himself as well as what he needs from a mate."

"You two make it look effortless. . ."

"It's not easy." Duncan stilled his brothers unease quickly, humming and leaning into his touch when he manipulated a tight muscle group. "I can just relate and adapt to him."

"I'm still a little offended you didn’t feel you could speak to me about your depression and thoughts."

"I'd apologize but you'll have to excuse me for insulting your delicate sensitivities."

"You never were one for opening up."

"Neither were you, still current."

"I guess we all have a bit to work on."

"I'm in if you and Will are."

"Shall we have a discussion this evening?"

"Must you be so formal?" Duncan rolled his eyes at his brother. "Let's have a chat over dinner tonight, yes?"

"Sure. I'll pick Will up from the scene, should be early afternoon." Hannibal clutched his neck and gave him a kiss on the cheek before rising and getting ready for his appointments that day.

Occupying himself after Hannibal left Duncan found himself cleaning the house and doing their laundry, eventually dozing on the couch while watching a documentary about sharks.

He jolted awake at the front door closing, rising quickly and moving to the entryway.

"Han? Where's Will?" Duncan cast him a confused look when his brother entered alone. "You said you were picking him up from the scene-"

"Will's been injured-"

"Where is he?" The older Alpha demanded, moving to grab his jacket from the hook and find the Omega.

"Hospital." Hannibal stilled his hands, grabbing his wrists and speaking quickly. "He's been stabbed, they said he needs stitches but he'll be home tonight."

"What happened?"

"Ms Katz said the suspect had been hiding in the basement and Will found him."

"Of fucking course he did. He went in without back up?" Duncan growled, not fighting the hold his brother had on him.

"Correct." Hannibal released his wrists and stroked his neck soothingly. "He'll be ok. Ms Katz will bring him home once they're done with him at the hospital."

"Why couldn't they let you patch him up? They know you're a trained surgeon." Duncan growled, finding his corded muscles trembling with unease.

"Being a live case and Will was an active Special agent for the Bureau, they need a registered surgeon at a hospital to do the write up for their records." Hannibal moved to rub his hands up and down his shoulders, trying to ground his brother. "I'll check their work when he's back, he'll be ok."

"How long until he's home?"

"Ms Katz said she would bring him here as soon as they released him-"

"How long?" Duncan growled.

"A few hours at-"

"Can we go see him?"

"Not while he's in active duty darling." Hannibal took pity on his brother, wrapping his arms around him and rubbing his back soothingly. "Whiskey and couch?"

Duncan nodded, shutting down quickly and taking his glass of whiskey as a shot. He curled up against the couch arm and let himself drift.

The key shifting in the lock jolted the older Alpha awake.

Noting his brother wasn't in the sitting room with him he crossed to the entryway, assuming it was Hannibal coming home from a last minute shop.

When Will closed the door behind him and met his relieved look he had to lean against the doorframe, huffing a few quiet breaths before returning the shy smile he was offered.

"Hey." Duncan crossed the entry way quickly and took him in his arms, purring and pressing a few gentle kisses along his ear until the Omega met his lips and wrapped his arms around his neck. He deepened the kiss, allowing his concern and passion for the younger male into it, resulting in a needy moan and nip from the Omega that made him draw back and collect himself.

"Hi baby." Will grinned up at him, drawing back breathlessly, not hearing Hannibal join them in the entry way.

"Will are you ok?"

"Yeah, doc says I'm ok. " Will winced when he turned to greet Hannibal, pressing a kiss to his cheek to reciprocate the Alpha's effort. "Just need to take it easy."

"I'm sure you're sick of being checked over but would you mind if I watch Hannibal check you?" Duncan asked quietly, tracing his fingers over the Omegas cheek and jaw in concern.

"Dunc I'm really ok. . ."

"Please?" Duncan begged with his eyes, stroking his neck gently.

"Han are you up for making sure they patched me up ok?" Will double checked with his mate, grinning into kisses and nibbles the older Alpha hassled his lips and jaw with.

"Get settled in the lounge. I'll finish putting dinner on and check everything out." Hannibal assured him, kissing his cheek and rubbing his brothers back gently before leaving them.

"Dunc I'm ok." Will sighed, letting him guide him to the couch, touched at how concerned the Alpha was for his wellbeing. Not that Hannibal didn't care for him, it had just been a while since he'd felt this level of urgency about him being ok. "I can handle myself most of the time."

"Clearly." The older Alpha nuzzled his neck, wrapping his arm around his shoulders and stroking his thigh. "If you were uninjured I'd bend you over the kitchen bench and spank you for going into an enclosed space alone."

"We didn't know he was still on site. . ." Will shifted under his touch.

"Your team suspected." Duncan nipped at him for the fib.

"The chances were low enough to warrant spreading out for a proper search of the scene."

"He jumped me from behind."

"Hannibal's going with you next time or I'm going to start tailing you." Duncan told him firmly.

"I hope you didn’t worry too much. . ."

"Are you kidding? He's been worse than you were over one of the dogs being sick or staying overnight at the vets." Hannibal returned, chuckling at the glare his brother shot him. Getting on with it quickly he knelt in front of them and lifted the Omegas shirt. "Ms Katz said it was your side?"

"Mhm." Will hissed when his shirt brushed the new stitches.

"Sorry."

"Here." Duncan took the edge of the shirt and held it up while his brother checked the long gash running around and below Wills flank. "Hows it look?"

"They did a sufficient job. It appears to have been stitched by an experienced doctor so I'm satisfied."

"Thankyou baby." Will leaned forward and met the younger Alpha's lips, brushing his hair from his forehead affectionately.

Hannibal hummed into the kiss, stroking his knee before rising.

They finished dinner quickly, all of them exhausted after a high stress day. Hannibal excused himself after cleaning up and leaving the other two watching a movie on the couch.

Will dozed a while later, waking when the older Alpha left his side.

"Dunc?"

"Hey, I need some time with Hannibal, are you ok here for a while?"

"Oh, yeah I'm ok."

Duncan pressed a kiss to his temple before making his way upstairs and crawling into Hannibals bed.

"Dunc? Everything ok?" Hannibal woke quickly, clutching his wrist as he wrapped a hand around his chest.

"Mhm." The older Alpha snuggled against his back and held him tightly, huffing a contented groan as their bodies relaxed together. Nosing through Hannibals hair he stroked his sternum

up to the collarbone, exploring the well muscled chest and shoulder leisurely.

"I really miss him Dunc. . ."

"He misses you too." Duncan kissed his neck, resting his chin on his jaw and watching his fingers trail along the veins across his brothers inner elbow and forearm. "So do I."

"How're we supposed to do this?" Hannibal sighed, stroking his wrist and closing his eyes tiredly.

"Communicate I guess." The older Alpha hummed, feeling his brother relax against him. "We'll figure it out."

"Ok." The younger Alpha began drifting, only disturbed by Will making his way up the stairs to the room. He greeted him softly, "Hello Will."

"Hi." Will answered quietly, hovering by the door, unsure of how Hannibal was feeling towards him as they were still feeling out each others comfort levels. He asked shyly, "May I uh. . . join you?"

"Han?" Duncan checked with his brother.

"I suppose we should give snuggling a try." Hannibal twitched his mate a grin, watching his body show his relief as he moved towards them.

"Where should I-uh?" The Omega hesitated as the bedside, unsure of where he should situate himself.

"I'm sure Hannibal would appreciate your attention." Duncan chuckled, gripping his brothers waist and shuffling them both across the bed to make room for Will in front of the younger Alpha.

Unable to contain his laughter at his brothers obvious manipulation, Hannibal grinned broadly and held the sheet back for Will to crawl in next to him.

Will grinned at them both affectionately, snuggling against his mates chest and kissing him slowly as his body relaxed back in Hannibals arms. He nuzzled their noses together, "Hey baby."

"Hello Mylimasis." The Alpha smiled back at him, caressing his jaw and neck.

Duncan shifted the arm under his brothers neck to scratch his fingers through the Omegas hair.

Between Hannibals embrace and Duncans touch Will found himself purring and drifting quickly. He traced the arm Duncan had wrapped around Hannibal, stroking the hand up Hannibals chest to caress his jawline. He smiled contentedly, murmuring, "I love you."

"We love you too." Hannibal purred quietly, squeezing his brothers wrist and his mates body gently before allowing himself to drift too.

Duncan let their breathing and heartrates even out before relaxing himself, twitching a grin and letting out a content purr of his own.

As much as life had thrown him through the spin cycle on an old washing dryer missing a ball bearing, the wait had been worth it. This was worth it.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!